National Tribune.

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Andersonville:

A Story of Rebel Military Prisons.

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SYNOPSIS OF PRECEDING CHAPTERS.

The wonderful country about Cumberland Gap, and the strategic importance of that place. The great need of food and forage for the garrison sends a battalion of cavalry up Powell's Valley to clear it out and secure its supplies. A rebel command starts down the valley to drive the Union troopers out. The two forces meet on top of a hill, and a prompt charge gives the day to the Union men and scatters the rebels in headlong rout.

The cavalry battalion occupies the country gained, and protects the forage trains sent out to gather up the supplies and haul them in. This duty lasts until the morning of Jan. 3, 1864. The battalion is attacked by Jones's Brigade of rebels, and after a stubborn, desperate fight is compelled to surrender. The prisoners are taken by rail through a picturesque part of Virginia to Richmond, searched at Libby, and sent to different prisons. First week of prison life. Interior and exterior scenes in Richmond. Stoppage of exchange.

The first squad of prisoners leave Richmond for Andersonville. Scenes along the route. Arrival at the famous prison-pen.

Something as to southern Georgia. A sterile land. Ingenious construction of shelters against the weather. Gen. Winder and Capt. Wirz take charge of the Prison.

The month of March is passed in the pen, with little shelter from the snow, rain, and wind. The prison fills up with additional squads, including the deserters from Castle Lightning in Richmond, with whom the other prisoners have much trouble. Mortality rapidly increases.

Crowd inside the stockade constantly increases. Arrival of prisoners and guns from Oglethorpe. Killing of "Poll Parrot." Prisoners plagued by vermin. Trading with guards.

The prisoners' minds are bent on exchange or escape. Much time devoted to tunnel-digging. Traitors are summarily punished.

The rainy month of June.—The crowd inside the prison rapidly increases, the rations grow worse, and the misery intensifies.

Terrible ravages of diseases of the digestive organs. Appalling increase in the mortality. Some instances of deaths of the writer's comrades.

Raiders grow unbearable. They attempt the murder of Leroy L. Key, who forms a band of Regulators.

The latter defeat the Raiders in a terrible battle. The Raider leaders are arrested, and at a court-martial of the prisoners six are sentenced to death. The remainder Wirz insists shall be released from the small stockade. The prisoners become infuriated at this, and as the Raiders are let into the big stockade maul them severely. A scaffold is built and the Raiders hanged amid intense excitement.

The executions are followed by organization of a strong police force among the prisoners, and discipline becomes good.

A young Ohio soldier, captured at Atlanta, tells the prisoners the story of the battle. He tells graphically of the way in which the brave McPherson was killed, and how his death affected the troops that loved him well. He describes how Gen. Logan took command of the Army of the Tennessee and led the men into the fight. The young soldier ends his narrative with his own capture at the close of the battle.

The author interpolates in his narrative a transcript of the evidence at the Wirz trial of Prof. Joseph Jones, a Surgeon of high rank in the rebel army, who visited Andersonville to make a scientific study of the conditions of disease there.

The horrors of August. Something about rebel music.

CHAPTER XLVII.

CALL FOR MECHANICS AMONG THE PRISONERS—LIBERAL INDUCEMENTS, BUT FEW RESPONSES—THE PROVIDENTIAL SPRING—SICK-CALL.

THE SCARCITY OF MECHANICS of all kinds in the Confederacy, and the urgent needs of the people for many things which the war and the blockade prevented their obtaining, led to continual inducements being offered to the artizans among us to go outside and work at their trade. Shoemakers seemed most in demand; next to these blacksmiths, machinists, molders, and metal workers generally.

Not a week passed during my imprisonment that I did not see a rebel emissary of some kind about the prison seeking to engage skilled workmen for some purpose or another. While in Richmond the managers of the Tredegar Iron Works were brazen and persistent in their efforts to seduce what are termed "malleable iron workers" to enter their employ.

A boy who was master of any one of the common trades had but to make his wishes known, and he would be allowed to go out on parole to work. I was a printer, and I think that at least a dozen times I was approached by rebel publishers with offers of a parole, and work at good prices. One from Columbia, S. C., offered me $2.50 a "thousand" for composition.

As the highest price for such work that I had received before enlisting was 30 cents a thousand, this seemed a chance to accumulate untold wealth. Since a man working in daytime can set from 35,000 to 50,000 a week, this would make weekly wages ran from $87.50 to $125—but it was in Confederate money, then worth from 10 to 20 cents on the dollar.

Still better offers were made to iron workers of all kinds, to shoemakers, tanners weavers, tailors, hatters, engineers, machinists, millers, railroad men, and similar tradesmen. Any of these could have made a handsome thing by accepting the offers made them almost weekly. As nearly all in the prison had useful trades, it would have been of immense benefit to the Confederacy if they could have been induced to work at them.

There is no measuring the benefit it would have been to the Southern cause if all the hundreds of tanners and shoemakers in the Stockade could have been persuaded to go outside and labor in providing leather and shoes for the almost shoeless people and soldiery. The machinists alone could have done more good to the Southern Confederacy than one of our brigades was doing harm by consenting to go to the railroad shops at Griswoldville and ply their handicraft. The lack of material resources in the South was one of the strongest allies our arms had.

This lack of resources was primarily caused by a lack of skilled labor to develop those resources, and nowhere could there be found a finer collection of skilled laborers than in the 33,000 prisoners incarcerated in Andersonville.

All solicitations to accept a parole and go outside to work at one's trade were treated with the scorn they deserved. If any mechanic yielded to them, the fact did not come under my notice. The usual reply to invitations of this kind was: "No, sir! I'll stay in here till I rot before I'll so much as raise my little finger to help the Confederacy, or rebels, in any shape or form."

In August a Macon shoemaker came in to get some of his trade to go back with him to work in the Confederate shoe factory. He prosecuted his search for these until he reached the center of the camp on the North Side, when some of the shoemakers who had gathered around him, apparently considering his propositions, seized him and threw him into a well. He was kept there a whole day, and only released when Wirz cut off the rations of the prison for that day, and announced that no more would be issued until the man was returned safe and sound to the gate.

The terrible crowding was somewhat ameliorated by the opening in July of an addition—600 feet long—to the North Side of the Stockade. This increased the room inside to 20 acres, giving about an acre to every 1,700 men,—a preposterously contracted area still. The new ground was not a hotbed of virulent poison like the old, however, and those who moved on to it had that much in their favor.

The palisades between the new and the old portions of the pen were left standing when the new portion was opened. We were still suffering a great deal of inconvenience from lack of wood. That night the standing timbers were attacked by thousands of prisoners armed with every species of a tool to cut wood, from a case-knife to an ax. They worked the livelong night with such energy that by morning not only every inch of the logs above ground had disappeared, but that below had been dug up, and there was not enough left of the 800-foot wall of 25-foot logs to make a box of matches.

One afternoon—early it August—one of the violent rain storms common to that section sprung up, and in a little while the water was falling in torrents. The little creek running through the camp swelled up immensely, and swept out large gaps in the Stockade, both in the West and East sides. The rebels noticed the breaches as soon as the prisoners. Two guns were fired from the Star Fort, and all the guards rushed out, and formed so as to prevent any egress, if one was attempted. Taken by surprise, we were not in a condition to profit by the opportunity until it was too late.

The storm did one good thing; it swept away a great deal of filth, and left the camp much more wholesome. The foul stench rising from the camp made an excellent electrical conductor, and the lightning struck several times within 100 feet of the prison.

Toward the end of August there happened what the religiously-inclined termed a Providential Dispensation. The water in the Creek was indescribably bad. No amount of familiarity with it, no increase of intimacy with our offensive surroundings, could lessen the disgust at the polluted water. As I have said previously, before the stream entered the Stockade, it was rendered too filthy for any use by the contaminations from the camps of the guards, situated about a half-mile above. Immediately on entering the Stockade the contamination became terrible. The oozy seep at the bottom of the hillsides drained directly into it all the mass of filth from a population of 33,000.

Imagine the condition of an open sewer, passing through the heart of a city of that many people, and receiving all the offensive product of so dense a population, and then tattering into a shallow, sluggish stream, a yard wide and five inches deep, and heated by the burning rays of the sun in the 32d degree of latitude. Imagine, if one can, without becoming sick at the stomach, all of these people having to wash in and drink of this foul flow.

There is not a scintilla of exaggeration in this statement. That it is within the exact truth is demonstrable by the testimony of any man—rebel or Union—who ever saw the inside of the Stockade at Andersonville. I am quite content to have its truth—as well as that of any other statement made in this book—be determined by the evidence of any one, no matter how bitter his hatred of the Union, who had any personal knowledge of the condition of affairs at Andersonville. No one can successfully deny that there were at least 33,000 prisoners in the Stockade, and that the one shallow, narrow creek, which passed through the prison, was at once their main sewer and their source of supply of water for bathing, drinking and washing. With these main facts admitted, the reader's common sense of natural consequences will furnish the rest of the details.

It is true that some of the more fortunate of us had wells; thanks to our own energy in overcoming extraordinary obstacles; no thanks to our gaolers for making the slightest effort to provide these necessities of life. We dug the wells with case and pocket knives and half canteens, to a depth of from 20 to 30 feet, pulling up the dirt in pantaloons legs, and running continual risk of being smothered to death by the caving in of the unwalled sides. Not only did the rebels refuse to give us boards with which to wall the wells, and buckets for drawing the water, but they did all in their power to prevent us from digging the wells, and made continual forays to capture the digging tools, because the wells were frequently used as the starting places for tunnels. Prof. Jones lays special stress on this tunnel feature in his testimony, which I have introduced in a previous chapter.

The great majority of the prisoners who went to the Creek for water, went as near as possible to the dead-line on the West side, where the Creek entered the Stockade, that they might get water with as little filth in it as possible. In the crowds struggling there for their turn to take a dip, some one nearly every day got so close to the dead-line as to arouse a suspicion in the guard's mind that he was touching it.

The suspicion was the unfortunate one's death warrant, and also its execution. As the sluggish brain of the guard conceived it he leveled his gun; the distance to his victim was not over 100 feet; he never failed his aim; the first warning the wretched prisoner got that he was suspected of transgressing a prison rule was the charge of "ball-and-buck" that tore through his body. It was lucky if he was the only one of the group killed. More wicked and unjustifiable murders never were committed than these almost daily assassinations at the Creek.

One morning the camp was astonished beyond measure to discover that during the night a large, bold spring had burst out on the North Side, about midway between the swamp and the summit of the hill. It poured out its grateful flood of pure, sweet water in an apparently exhaustless quantity. To the many who looked in wonder upon it, it seemed as truly a heaven-wrought miracle as when Moses's enchanted rod smote the parched rock in Sinai's desert waste, and the living waters gushed forth.

The police took charge of the spring, and everyone was compelled to take his regular turn in filling his vessel. This was kept up during our whole stay in Andersonville, and every morning, shortly after daybreak, a thousand men could be seen standing in line, waiting their turns to fill their cans and cups with the precious liquid.

I am told by comrades who have revisited the Stockade of recent years that the spring is yet running as when we left, and is held in most pious veneration by the negros of that vicinity, who still preserve the tradition of its miraculous origin, and ascribe to its water wonderful grace giving and healing properties, similar to those which pious Catholics believe exist in the holy water of the fountain at Lourdes.

I must confess that I do not think they are so very far from right. If I could believe that any water was sacred and thaumaturgic, it would be of that fountain which appeared so opportunely for the benefit of the perishing thousands of Andersonville. And when I hear of people bringing water for baptismal purposes from the Jordan, I say in my heart, "How much more would I value for myself and friends the administration of the chrismal sacrament with the diviner flow from that low sandhill in western Georgia."

Every morning, after roll-call, thousands of sick gathered at the South Gate, where the doctors made some pretense of affording medical relief. The scene there reminded me of the illustrations in my Sunday-school lessons of that time when "great multitudes came unto Him," by the shores of the Sea of Galilee, "having with them those that were lame, blind, dumb, maimed, and many others." Here were the burning sands and parching sun; hither came scores of groups of three or four comrades, laboriously staggering under the weight of a blanket, in which they had carried a disabled and dying friend from some distant part of the Stockade.

Beside them hobbled the scorbutics with swollen and distorted limbs. Dozens, unable to walk, and having no comrades to carry them, crawled painfully along, with frequent stops, on their hands and knees. Every form of intense physical suffering that it is possible for disease to induce in the human frame was visible at these daily parades of the sick of the prison. As over three thousand (3,076) died in August, there were probably twelve thousand dangerously sick at any given time during the month, and a large part of these collected at the South Gate every morning.

Measurably calloused as we had become by daily sights of horror around us, we encountered spectacles in these gatherings which no amount of visible misery could accustom us to. I remember one especially that burned itself deeply into my memory. It was of a young man—not over 25—who a few weeks before—his clothes looked comparatively new—had evidently been the picture of manly beauty and youthful vigor. He had had a well-knit, lithe form; dark curling hair fell over a forehead which had once been fair, and his eyes still showed that they had gleamed with a bold, adventurous spirit.

The red clover leaf on his cap showed that he belonged to the First Division of the Second Corps, the three chevrons on his arm that he was a Sergeant, and the stripe at his cuff that he was a veteran. Some kind-hearted boys had found him in a miserable condition on the North Side, and carried him over in a blanket to where the doctors could see him. He had but little clothing on, save his blouse and cap. Ulcers of some kind had formed in his abdomen, and these were now masses of worms. It was so much worse than the usual forms of suffering, that quite a little crowd of compassionate spectators gathered around and expressed their pity. The sufferer turned to one who lay beside him with: "Comrade, if

(Continued on third page.)

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SHERIDAN'S RIDE.

BY T. BUCHANAN READ.

Up from the South, at break of day,
Bringing to Winchester fresh dismay,
The affrighted air with a shudder bore,
Like a herald in haste, to the chieftain's door,
The terrible grumble and rumble and roar,
Telling the battle was on once more,
And Sheridan twenty miles away.

And wider still those billows of war
Thundered along the horizon's bar,
And louder yet into Winchester rolled
The roar of that red sea, uncontrolled,
Making the blood of the listener cold
As he thought of the stake in that fiery fray,
And Sheridan twenty miles away.

But there is a road to Winchester town,
A good, broad highway, leading down;
And there, through the flush of the morning light,
A steed, as black as the steeds of night,
Was seen to pass as with eagle flight,
As if he knew the terrible need,
He stretched away with his utmost speed.
Hill rose and fell; but his heart was gay,
With Sheridan fifteen miles away.

Still sprung from those swift hoofs, thundering south,
The dust, like the smoke from the cannon's mouth,
Or the trail of a comet, sweeping faster and faster,
Foreboding to traitors the doom of disaster;
The heart of the steed, and the heart of the master
Were beating, like prisoners assaulting their walls,
Impatient to be where the battlefield calls.
Every nerve of the charger was strained to full play,
With Sheridan only ten miles away.

Under his spurning feet the road
Like an arrowy Alpine river flowed;
And the landscape sped away behind
Like an ocean flying before the wind;
And the steed, like a bark fed with furnace ire,
Swept on with his wild eyes full of fire.
But lo! he is nearing his heart's desire;
He is snuffing the smoke of the roaring fray,
With Sheridan only five miles away.

The first that the General saw were the groups
Of stragglers, and then the retreating troops.
What was done—what to do—a glance told him both;
Then, striking his spurs, with a terrible oath,
He dashed down the line 'mid a storm of huzzas,
And the wave of retreat checked its course there, because
The sight of the master compelled it to pause.

With foam and with dust the black charger was gray.
By the flash of his eye, and his red nostril's play,
He seemed to the whole great army to say:
"I have brought you Sheridan, all the way
From Winchester down, to save you the day!"

Hurrah, hurrah, for Sheridan!
Hurrah, hurrah, for horse and man!
And when their statues are placed on high,
Under the dome of the Union sky,—
The American soldiers' Temple of Fame,—
There, with the glorious General's name,
Be it said, in letters both bold and bright:
"Here is the steed that saved the day
By carrying Sheridan into the fight,
From Winchester, twenty miles away!"

MEMOIRS OF GEN. WM. T. SHERMAN.

WRITTEN BY HIMSELF.

THE TERMS DISAPPROVED

Stanton Orders Grant to Sherman's Headquarters.

TERMINATION OF TRUCE

Sherman Explains His Course to Grant.

CONDITIONS OF THE SURRENDER

A Publication Authorized by the Secretary of War.

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CHAPTER XXIII—(*continued*).

I REVIEWED THE TENTH Corps on April 20, and was much pleased at the appearance of Gen. Paine's Division of black troops, the first I had ever seen as a part of an organized army. On the 21st I reviewed the Twenty-third Corps, which had been with me to Atlanta, but had returned to Nashville, had formed an essential part of the army which fought at Franklin, and with which Gen. Thomas had defeated Gen. Hood in Tennessee. It had then been transferred rapidly by rail to Baltimore and Washington, by Gen. Grant's orders, and thence by sea to North Carolina. Nothing of interest happened at Raleigh till the evening of April 23, when Maj. Hitchcock reported by telegraph his return to Morehead City, and that he would come up by rail during the night. He arrived at 6 a. m., April 24, accompanied by Gen. Grant and one or two officers of his staff, who had not telegraphed the fact of their being on the train, for prudential reasons. Of course, I was both surprised and pleased to see the General, soon learned that my terms with Johnston had been disapproved, was instructed by him to give the 48 hours' notice required by the terms of the truce, and afterward to proceed to attack or follow him. I immediately telegraphed to Gen. Kilpatrick, at Durham's, to have a mounted courier ready to carry the following message, then on its way up by rail, to the rebel lines:

HEADQUARTERS MILITARY DIVISION OF THE MISSISSIPPI, IN THE FIELD, RALEIGH, N. C., April 24, 18656; a. m.

Gen. JOHNSTON, commanding Confederate army, Greensboro':

You will take notice that the truce or suspension of hostilities agreed to between us will cease in 48 hours after this is received at your lines, under the first of the articles of agreement.

W. T. SHERMAN, Major-General.

At the same time I wrote another short note to Gen. Johnston, of the same date:

I have replies from Washington to my communications of April 18. I am instructed to limit my operations to your immediate command, and not to attempt civil negotiations. I therefore demand the surrender of your army on the same terms as were given to Gen. Lee at Appomattox, April 9th instant, purely and simply.

Of course, both these papers were shown to Gen. Grant at the time, before they were sent, and he approved of them.

At the same time orders were sent to all parts of the army to be ready to resume the pursuit of the enemy on the expiration of the 48 hours' truce, and messages were sent to Gen. Gillmore (at Hilton Head) to the same effect, with instructions to get a similar message through to Gen. Wilson, at Macon, by some means.

Gen. Grant had brought with him, from Washington, written answers from the Secretary of War, and of himself, to my communications of the 18th, which I still possess, and here give the originals. They embrace the copy of a dispatch made by Mr. Stanton to Gen. Grant, when he was pressing Lee at Appomattox, which dispatch, if sent me at the same time (as should have been done), would have saved a world of trouble. I did not understand that Gen. Grant had come down to supersede me in command, nor did he intimate it, nor did I receive these communications as a serious reproof, but promptly acted on them, as is already shown; and in this connection I give my answer made to Gen. Grant, at Raleigh, before I had received any answer from Gen. Johnston to the demand for the surrender of his own army, as well as my answer to Mr. Stanton's letter, of the same date, both written on the supposition that I might have to start suddenly in pursuit of Johnston, and have no other chance to explain.

WAR DEPARTMENT, WASHINGTON CITY, April 21, 1865.

Lieut.-Gen. GRANT.

GENERAL: The memorandum or basis agreed upon between Gen. Sherman and Gen. Johnston having been submitted to the President, they are disapproved. You will give notice of the disapproval to Gen. Sherman, and direct him to resume hostilities at the earliest moment.

The instructions given to you by the late President, Abraham Lincoln, on the 3d of March, by my telegraph of that date, addressed to you, express substantially the views